

## Blanket Hog by Losermultifandomidiot

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**Summary:**

Steve was the worst of the worst. A blanket hog. The problem with that? He's a cute blanket hog.

## Blanket Hog

It was winter time for the town of Hawkins; everyone was bundled up continuing on their everyday lives through the snow and the calm winter breeze. You stood outside two perfectly polished wooden doors, waiting patiently in the calm snowfall. You wore a nice thick winter coat, with a black turtleneck, pants and boots. A cool breeze blew by making you tug the backpack you had with you, tighter, hoping it would somehow provide you more warmth. Even though you had lived here all your life, the cold touch of Hawkins was something you could never get use to. The winter had always felt alive, wrapping everyone in town with it long tendrils that brought shivers down the residents spines.

The door swung open, interrupting your thoughts, revealing a warmly dressed teenage boy with long brown hair. Or as you'd like to call him, your boyfriend.

"Oh am I glad to see you, Babygirl! I'm so happy you came over." he smiles at you taking your freeing hands into his. His hands were warm, and soft to the touch.

"Well what type of girlfriend would I be if I didn't come over when my sweet adorable boyfriend invites me over?" you giggle taking Steve's hands and kissing them. Steve's face flushed pink, he chuckled taking your hands and pulling them behind his neck. You wrap your arms around him stepping closer to gain some warmth, as he placed his hands on your waist.

Steve smelled sweet, cinnamon from what you could tell filled your nostrils as you hugged him. Steve nudged the side of your head with his, making you look up at him. He smiled gently pressing his lips on yours for a soft kiss. His lips were velvety, moving smoothly against you own. His mouth tasted like chocolate, hot chocolate to be exact; you figured he was probably drinking it due to the extreme cold the outside brought. Both of you stayed like that for a couple more seconds before you pulled away first, Steve letting out a whine.

"Babygirl, why'd you pull away?" he pouted, his lips plump and pink sticking out, giving you his puppy eyes as he pressed your body

closer to him.

“Well I was just wondering when my cute boyfriend would invite me inside after I’ve been freezing my ass off for the last five minutes.”

“Oh shit! I’m sorry Babygirl.” he cursed himself under his breath before picking you up bridal style and carrying you inside, closing the door with his foot. You giggled kissing his cheek as Steve led you upstairs to his room.

As you reached his bed, Steve dropped you down, giggling as you let out a little yelp.

“Wow, Harrington that was mean.” you frown putting your bag down on the floor, before lying back in bed. Steve laid down next to you, snuggling up to your side. He looked up at you, his brown eyes radiating pure innocence.

“Don’t call me that, (Y/N).”

“What’s wrong with calling you Harrington?” you raised your eyebrow, watching as Steve’s features melt into a somber pout.

“You only call me Harrington when you’re really mad at me. You’re not mad at me are you?” his voice was quiet, his words nearly drowned out from the AC blowing in his room. You smiled at him, pushing a strand of hair behind his ear.

“No, I am not mad at you, Bubba. I just was being playfully upset.” you kissed his forehead, Steve’s face lighting up, he nuzzled your neck in delight.

“So what do you have planned for me, mister?” Steve sat his head up and placed his chin lighting on your chest.

“We could switch into our pajamas, get some snacks, watch some movies and then cuddle and fall asleep wrapped in each other’s arms.”

“Mmm, I like the sound of that.” you kissed him, running your fingers lightly over his shoulder blades, feeling them flex and move under your soft touch. Steve moaned out, his hands traveled down the side

of your body all the way down to your ass. You giggled, pulling away, kissing down his neck. Steve let out a soft gasp by your ear as you reached his sweet spot, sucking on it gently.

“Babygirl, if you keep this up then we aren’t gonna get to my lovely sleepover fun I had planned for us.” his voice was shak; you took your mouth off of his neck to admire your handiwork, a small hickey was on his neck.

“Hmmm, would that be such a bad thing, Bubba?” he sucked in a deep breath as you started leaving another hickey on his neck. Steve gripped your ass tighter making you chuckle.

“Babygirl...please.” he whimpered, his breathing still very uneven. You pulled away from his neck, kissing his cheek as you observed his flushed face.

“Ok Bubba, we can do your plans.” he smiled slightly and chuckled.

“You’re gonna drive me insane, you know that Babygirl.” he sat up off of you, setting his legs on the floor.

“That is the plan, love.” you sat up beside him and rested your hand onto his lap. Steve turned and gave you a look, to which you could only grin at him.

“Alright you can tease me when we are downstairs watching movies, ok?” he stood up taking your hand and pulling you up with him; he wrapped his arms around you.

“I guess that is fair. Although Bubba I don’t think you’ll be able to handle being teased throughout the movie.”

“You think I’ll get super needy for you, Babygirl?”

“Yeah, when are you not needy for me?” you rubbed your face against his soft sweater.

“Ok fair point. Now can we get ready?” you nodded and the two of you moved away from each other to get ready for your sleepover.

Steve sat with his arms wrapped around you, head resting in the crook of your neck. Your eyes were glued to the screen in front of you as the fourth movie played. It was fully dark out now and the small lamp besides the couch was the only thing illuminating the living room. Blankets were wrapped around the two of you along with pillows pushed to the side. Two empty mugs once filled with hot chocolate sat on the coffee table in the middle of the room, along with empty chip bags and popcorn that the two of you had eaten by the end of the second movie. It was relaxing and warm, a very down to earth sleepover in which the two of you were enjoying immensely. Steve maybe a little too much as his eyes began closing for a little bit every so often and then opening. He nuzzled up against you, and glancing over you noticed how tired he looked.

“Looks like someone needs to go to sleep.” you lifted your hand up to run your fingers through his hair, giving him a small smile as he burrowed his face deeper into your shoulder.

“Yeah, you.” he replied drowsily, opening one of his beautiful brown eyes to look at you.

“No, Bubba it’s definitely you. Why don’t we call it quits and then head to your bed to sleep?”

“Let’s finish the movie first. We only have another 10 minutes.”

“Ok, but try not to fall asleep. It was a hassle last time trying to carry you up the stairs.” you chuckled as he just made a small frowning face and stuck out his tongue. The 10 minutes had gone by faster than you had thought and surprisingly Steve was still remotely awake. You got up and took out the movie, turning back to Steve who was standing up with the blankets wrapped around him like he was a ghost. You giggled, grabbing one of his hands and leading him upstairs and back into his room. Steve got in the bed first and then you slid in beside him. He curled up to your side, wrapping an arm around your torso in the process. You put your hand on his back and rubbed his back as his breathing started even out into a steady rhythm.

“Goodnight Bubba.” you leaned down and kissed the top of his head and closed your eyes to drift off into a peaceful slumber.

Or at least that is what you thought was going to happen.

You groggily opened your eyes, the room was dark all around except being illuminated by the outside light from the blinds of the window. You groaned quietly, realizing it wasn't morning, reading the alarm clock that read 3:24 AM. You laid back trying to get comfortable however soon realizing why you had woken up. There weren't any covers on you. Your body shivered, as you looked over the edge of the bed to see if you had knocked them off. There were no blankets on the floor and so you turned around to face Steve to see if he still had any covers. To your surprise he was wrapped up in all the covers, sleeping as soundly as ever. He was cute and you couldn't help but smile at him. You carefully took a few of the covers and wrapped them around yourself. You started to warm up again and you fell asleep again.

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You awoke again, this time slightly annoyed as it was still night time. You looked over to the clock and it read 4:00 AM. Sighing out in frustration for waking up again but also not even getting another whole hour of sleep. You were gonna make another noise of discomfort when a wave a shivers ran through you. Again you were without any covers. You looked turned to look at Steve who yet again had all the covers wrapped around him and was sleeping soundly.

'This can't be a coincidence,' you stared at your boyfriend in disbelief. Twice now he had stolen the covers from you in less than an hour. He would never usually do this, there's no way he can actually be doing this in his sleep, could he?

"Steve." you quietly called out to make sure he was truly asleep. Whenever Steve would prank you, he'd tried to play it off like it was not him but he always broke either when you stared at him too long or said his name. He'd smile which would let you know he was the culprit. However this time his face no motion as he continued to sleep. He was for sure not pranking you.

'I guess it is just a coincidence,' you sighed grabbing back some of the covers over you. You tucked them a bit under your body to hopefully ensure they wouldn't be tugged away from you again from your

blanket hog of a sleeping boyfriend. You relaxed again falling back asleep for the third time again tonight.

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You eyes may have been close but you could feel how cold you were. You mentally groaned as you opened your eyes to look at the clock. It was only 4:59 AM. You wanted to scream. You shot up and turned to your culprit who again was sleeping just as peacefully as he was before. You were very tempted at this point to wake him up however looking at his adorable sleeping face was enough to make you change your mind otherwise. He looked so soft his pretty pink lips were parted slightly and his face just held an expression of an absolutely content happy boy enjoying his sleep. How could you stay mad at that.

‘I should actually take a photo,’ you discreetly slid off the bed and went to Steve’s desk, opening the bottom drawer and taking out the small polaroid camera. Steve had gotten it from his mom as a gift but he wasn’t really good with a camera. He had no clue how to take good pictures so he mainly kept it put away. Although when you two started dating you had started using it and he enjoyed watching you have a fun time with the camera. Although you had taken a lot of photos of him when he was doing some ridiculous things which you had found funny. You had turned on his lamp, gently resting your elbows on the bed as you set up the framing on Steve’s face but also enough to show all the blankets he had. A small ‘click’ echoed through the room and the photo, processed and came out. You gently placed the photo on his desk face down and put the camera back into its spot into the drawer. The clock read 5:10AM.

“It’s good your fucking cute Bubba or else I would’ve screamed at you by now.” you whispered to him. You stood there for a few minutes listening to the silence of the room. You figured you weren’t gonna get any sort of sleep if Steve had kept up with taking the covers from off of you. A thought quickly came across you mind; you grabbed the pillow you were sleeping on and grabbing the coat you were wearing when you came into his house. You set the pillow on the ground, laying down and resting your head on it and then wrapping yourself in the coat. This was the best you were getting tonight as you did your best to get comfortable for the rest of the night.

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“(Y/N)... (Y/N)... (Y/N)!”

“What?” you groaned, rubbing your eyes, You peaked to see Steve kneeling over you with a concerned look across his face.

“Why’d you sleep on the floor, Babygirl?” you raised your eyebrow for a moment, slightly ticked off but the sad look on his face made your annoyance go away.

“Get the photo on the desk.” you yawned, tugging the coat closer to your body. He scooted over a bit reaching for the photo, grabbing it and bring it back to sit next to you.

“You took a photo of me when I was sleeping?”

“Look at all the covers you have.” you stretched your arms out . Steve studied the picture, noticing all the covers he had wrapped around him.

“You stole all the covers from me last night, multiple times so I decided to sleep on the floor so I could at least some sort of sleep last night.”

“Why didn’t you wake me up? I would’ve tried to stop it if you had told me.” he frowned looking down at you. You reached up and cupped the side of his face.

“Well you’re just too cute when you’re sleeping, Bubba. I just couldn’t bring myself to wake you up. However now that you know the next time you do this in your sleep I will personally fuck you up in your sleep. You understand?” you smiled at him watching his eyes widen in fear.

“I understand, (Y/N). Sorry for taking the covers off you.”

“It’s ok, Steve. Now your going to let me get another few hours of sleep and you can wake me up when you have a nice breakfast done and ready for me when I wake up.” you yawned, standing up and getting back into the bed with your pillow, under the warm soft covers instantly passing out again into a far, much more comfortable

sleep. Steve smiled at you, giving you a little kiss on your forehead. He went downstairs to try to figure out how to cook pancakes from the cookbook you had bought him.